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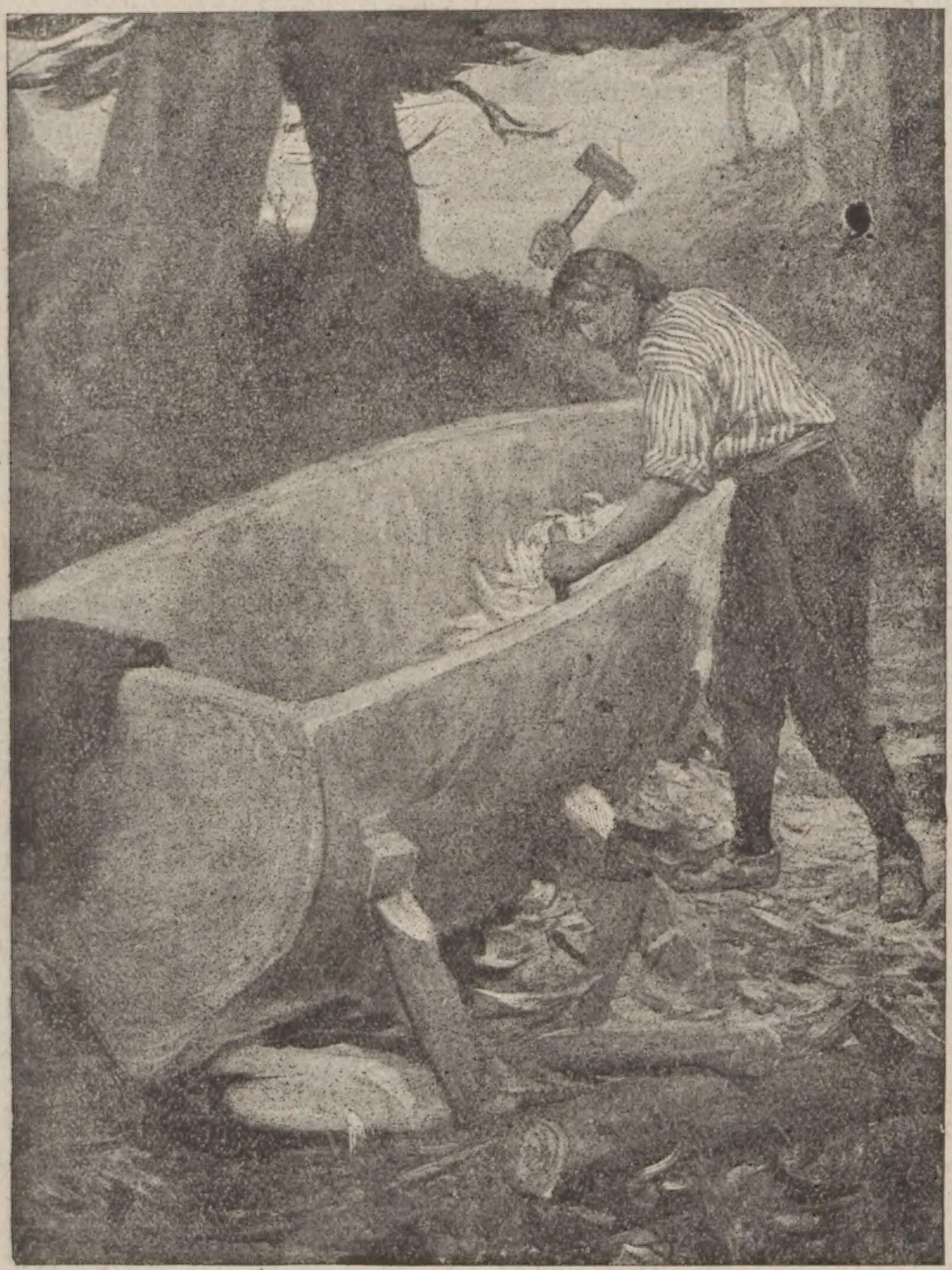


ROBINSON CRUSOE CONSTRUCTING A BOAT ON THE SHORE OF HIS DESERT ISLAND.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Vincent's Valentine.

By Jane Grant.

WE'VE a kind of institution at our school on Valentine's Day. I don't know how far it dates back; but it's probably as old as the hills, for all the old boys remember it. It's a feast—in fact, a dormitory feast—and you can bet that it's an institution that appeals to us, every one.

For on the night of the 14th there's the most ripping spread in every single dormer in the school. There's no "lights out" that night, and we can jolly well do as we like with rules suspended. As for the feast, *that* differs in every room according to the tastes of the chaps therein; for, you see, we provide the things ourselves. We buy the tuck and have it parcelled up, and then all the "Valentines," as we call them, are sorted out and put on plates or something before the feast begins. And a jolly ripping spread it always is!

That's partly because St. Val.'s falls jolly early in term, before all of our pocket-money's gone. We bear in mind, too, that the feast's coming along, and we save up for it. For *that* reason it seemed jolly queer that Vincent hadn't any, when— Well, that's the story I'm going to tell, so I may as well begin the right end up.

Vincent was really a decent chap, though none of us knew him very well. He was frightfully quiet, and hardly spoke to a soul; but bookish, too, and though he'd only been at St. Bride's for a year, he'd done jolly well. Good at games, too—in fact, an all-round man; and when, about a week from St. Val.'s Day, he said what he *did* say, we were jolly well mystified.

"I've not got any cash left," he said to Barnes, who's head of our dorm.—that's Dormitory Two, where five of us sleep, including Vincent and me.

"What the dickens!" said Barnes, for he knew, and we knew, and Vincent knew that we knew, that Vincent simply always is filled with shekels. "You're ragging, old man."

"Not me," said Vincent calmly. "And you can celebrate St. Val.'s without me, old chap, for I'll not join in this year."

Now such a thing was unprecedented in our annals. (There's a swagger sentence for you!) We all stood and stared like cuckoos. There wasn't a chap in Dorm. Two who hadn't planked down half a crown at least; and here was Vincent bunking it—and *Vincent*, too, of all chaps!

"I say, stow it!" said Barnes; "a bob'll do, if you're stony!"

"Not a red cent," said Vincent; "so now you know. Haven't got it, or, if I had, it's booked;" and he walked away.

And that was all he'd say. But we four talked it over, you may bet your buttons; and we decided that Vincent was a rotter. For he'd always had money, and more than one of us had seen him with some lately, and goodly sums, too.

"I'm sorry to say so," said Barnes, "but I fear that the chap's deteriorating. He's growing stingy, measly, miserly MEAN! A good dose of 'Coventry' may do him good."

BRITISH MUSEUM

So that's what we treated him to. We cold-shouldered him. It was a week to St. Val.'s, and we made all preparations short of buying the prog; but we left him, of course, out of all discussions. We hoped he'd come round, but he didn't; he hardly seemed to notice us, indeed.

one chap snoring in bed like a grampus while we feed." He went off to the village in a huff, and I went with him.

It was just outside the post office (before we'd bought the prog) that we met the kid—a girl-kid, with rather pretty blue eyes, but who looked jolly cold, though pleased about something.

This went on till the 13th, and then Barnes spoke to us again.

"I am off to buy my share," he said, "and I've tackled Vincent again, if you want to know. He's about as grumpy as a bear, and he'll not have any this year, and that's a fact. A jolly feast we'll have to-morrow, with

She seemed to follow us, and we couldn't get rid of her.

"What d'you want?" said I.

And then the kid began to blub. "It's— 'Oh, I wanted to thank you, sir," she said to Barnes, or words like that. "Mother's better."

"What on earth!" said Barnes.

But there was no stopping her; she thanked us for coming to see her mother, who was ill, and for having sent soup and chicken and stuff. And she finished up: "Mother said that if I saw you again I was to be sure and tell you that she is better already. The young gentleman with the red cap—name of Vincent, mother said. I don't know what she'd have done, sir; what with father missing, and all. If——"

"Here," said Barnes suddenly, "you've made a mistake." He forked out a shilling, and gave it to the kid. Then he turned right-about. "Come on, Pippin," he said to me; "there's more mistakes than one, I fancy. I'm going to wipe the dust before old Vincent; there's no doubt where his Valentine feast money's gone."

"Look here, cut it or stow it!" said Vincent when we ran him to earth on the playground and tackled him right away. But he couldn't deny it.

"Yes, I met the kid, if you will have it," he said, "and I went to see her mother last Saturday. They're starving, and— In war time it did seem a bit off to think of us guzzling in the dorm. and of them with nothing at all to eat. So—well, that's all, except that it was jolly silly of the kid to mistake your phiz for mine!"

"There's more than her been jolly silly," said Barnes to me as we went off to find the rest of our dormer chaps. And the end of it all was that there was no feast in Dorm. Two that year. But, instead, we gave the money for the mother of the kid with the blue eyes. Matron found out about them, and that they were a jolly deserving lot. As for the feast, well, somehow, we didn't seem to miss it, and we'll have a jolly fine spread, as Barnes said, on the day that peace is declared.

Winter and Spring.

"ADIEU! adieu!" Father Winter said
To the world, when about to quit it;
With his old white wig half off his head,
As if never made to fit it.
"Adieu! I'm off to the rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me;
Or perhaps I'll sink in the northern waves,
So deep that none can find me."

"Good luck! good luck to your hoary locks!"
Said the gay young spring advancing;
"Go take your nap, 'mid the caves and rocks,
While I o'er the earth am dancing.
There's not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard old clumsy fellow!
Not a hill nor a vale nor a single sod,
But what I shall have to mellow.

"And I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.
The fountains you lock up so tight,
When I shall give them a sunning,
Will sparkle in my dazzling light,
And the brooks will set to running."

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER IX.

AGAIN a plague was sent upon Egypt, and once more it was a blow at the gods of the Egyptians. Suddenly every person and every animal was attacked by lice. This was an awful plague. One can picture the horror and shame of those proud Egyptians, people who prided themselves so upon their refinement and cleanliness. Dirtiness was a thing of which they had always accused the poor Israelites. They had ostentatiously held their noses in passing the wretched slave quarters, forgetting that it was they themselves who had forced the unfortunate Hebrews to live in such pigsties. And now the delicate Egyptians themselves were in the same state. All their sacred animals also were now "unclean," and they could not even enter a temple while the plague of lice continued. But this dreadful thing too passed away, and the king remained unconvinced.

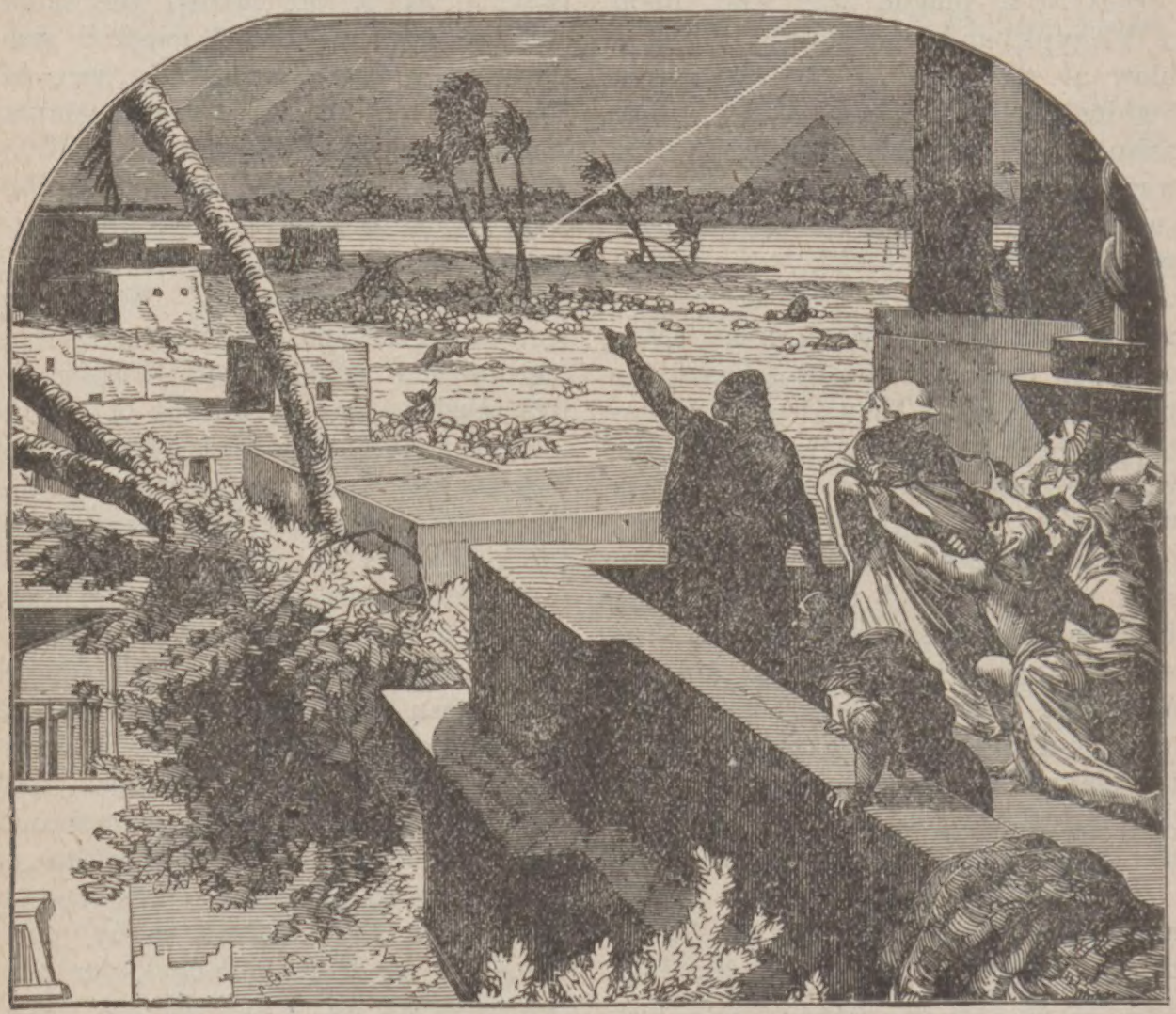
The fourth plague was one which must have greatly shocked the Egyptians. The sacred emblem of the Sun-god was *khepra*, the beetle. You may see the sacred beetle carved on stones or painted on the old tombs in Egypt to-day. It was unlawful to kill a beetle in Egypt. But a day came when Menepthah's people saw their whole land infested by beetles. In the Bible story it is called the plague of flies; but "beetles" is the word that is meant. And the kind of beetle that now swarmed everywhere was a most terrible nuisance. It ate up everything—food, furniture, woodwork, tapestries, clothes; *everything* was being slowly eaten away by these beetle pests. But to Menepthah the most striking part of this "magic" was that not a beetle was to be seen in the place where the Israelite slaves were living. The district of Goshen was spared. For the first time the king began to waver. "Go ye, sacrifice to your God." That was his message to Moses and Aaron. But Moses would not accept the king's unsatisfactory offer. No, he said; the Israelites must be free to go out of Egypt altogether. He knew this Pharaoh too well to trust him. And, sure enough, when the last beetle had disappeared the king again "hardened his heart."

A terrible *murrain* followed. A murrain is a disease that kills off cattle and sheep and horses. There have often been murrains in Egypt. But this particular murrain was the worst one Menepthah had ever seen. The Egyptians lost thousands of horses and cattle; it looked as if many of them were going to be ruined. The priests were especially disturbed by this "magic," as they called it, for the cow in Egypt was a sacred beast. The sacred bulls of Apis were treated as divine. When a sacred bull died he was embalmed and buried with full religious rites. It was awful to them to think of their sacred animals suffering such a plague.

While they were groaning under the

murrain another plague followed on the heels of the last. Moses took some ashes from a furnace and cast them high into the air. One can imagine the great crowd that stood about the fierce old man with hatred in their hearts! The magicians, too, the magicians and courtiers had them; everywhere were distress and disgust. As for the king, he did not pay much heed to this plague. Probably the boils had not attacked him!

This time, therefore, Moses gave the king warning. He told him that an-



were there; they hated him for possessing stronger "magic" than theirs. And now as they watched the ashes float down again upon the heads of the crowd, suddenly they felt a new horror come upon them. Every one was attacked by dreadful boils. Even other cattle plague was coming. All the cattle that had been spared by the last murrain were out at grass. The king was warned to give an order to bring them in. Then Moses stretched forth his rod towards the sky, and the most terrible thunder and hail came

upon Egypt. A hailstorm can be a most alarming thing. The very sound of great pieces of solid ice falling like rain upon the houses, cutting through canvas shelters as if they were made of paper, beating down the crops, shredding every leaf and twig off the trees, is very unnerving. And this storm must have been an extraordinarily destructive one. It beat down all their vines and fruit trees, and the hailstones killed every beast that was out in the fields. Across the border in Goshen the Israelites heard the storm raging, but not a breath of it came near them.

This time Menepthah was really frightened. He was perhaps like another ancient tyrant, Caligula, who used to hide under his bed when it thundered! Anyhow he sent for Moses and Aaron in a great hurry, and promised to let the slaves go. But no sooner had the storm passed off than Menepthah changed his mind once more. His own people begged him to let the Israelites go. They were cowed by the plagues, and were horribly frightened. But that only made the old tyrant the more obstinate.

The young buds on the trees were opening when the next plague fell on Egypt. One of the most dreaded plagues in the East is a plague of locusts. And that is what now happened to Menepthah's people. These destructive grasshoppers came in a dark cloud and ate up all the green leaves in the country. Some of the crops had come up since that terrible hailstorm; but now the locusts quickly disposed of them all. In their tens of millions they darkened the very air. The king was thoroughly alarmed. He felt he was up against a Power that was greater than anything he knew. He felt in his heart of hearts that this Power was against him because of all his treacherous cruelties. He begged Moses quite humbly to pray for him. But no sooner had the wind from God blown away the locusts than his stubborn heart was hardened. He had been a mad tyrant so long that really he was no longer master of himself; and that is any day the worst form of slavery!

School.

STEP, step, up
And up—
It's just like
A stair.
Very slow you must go,
Steady and with care.

A step a year
For all,
My dear,
A step a year to measure,
And every one
With work and fun
And every one with pleasure.

On and on,
Up and up,
Grade by grade
You fare,
Till you reach the very top—
It's just like
A stair.

Fee-fie-foe-fum.

By Constance Heward.

HE was really a gamekeeper, but the children called him Fee-fie-foe-fum because, with his big red face and the gap where one of his front teeth ought to have been, he was exactly like the giant in Pam's Hop o' My Thumb book.

They were sure, too, that he was bloodthirsty like the giant, because above the hedge of his garden, between two trees, there was a long piece of wire hung with tails which had once belonged to cats and stoats.

Mother said a gamekeeper was paid to look after his master's game, and that cats and stoats and weasels were fearful poachers and had to be caught. But Tottie and Pam thought it was horrid, and always tiptoed past the cottage or ran if Fee-fie-foe-fum happened to be about.

The children had not lived in Rabey village very long, and there were no children of their own age there; so they had plenty of time to make up stories, and these always had Fee-fie-foe-fum for the wicked giant.

Then Tottie and Pam had a birthday. Tottie was eight, and Pam was seven; but their birthdays came in the same week in June, so they always kept them together.

There was great excitement when Aunt Julia wrote to say that she was sending her toy Pom for their very own, as she was going away to America. He was the dearest little black thing, with bright eyes and a beautiful coat and such pert little ways, and the children had loved and wanted him the last time he had come on a visit with his mistress.

They were so busy brushing and combing him, and teaching him tricks, that they almost forgot Fee-fie-foe-fum, until one afternoon they went that way for a walk with Nurse and Baby.

"Better pick Darkie up," Pam said, as they got near the cottage; "Fee-fie-foe-fum might kill and eat him."

"Yes," said Tottie; "we'll always carry him down this road."

Now, though Darkie was such a pet, he had a naughty habit of slipping under the garden gate into the road, and he was so small that he might easily have got hurt; so one afternoon, when Tottie and Pam were going to be busy gardening, they shut him into the playroom. When they ran upstairs to wash their hands for tea, the playroom door was open and no Darkie was to be seen.

"The door was shut when we came in," said Nurse. "Why, Baby has just learnt to open doors."

"Iss," said Baby delightedly. "Baby open door. Darkie yun away."

"She didn't know it was wrong," said Nurse. "Run out and look; Darkie may not have gone far."

Before they reached the gate they saw him. He was lying just inside, very still, and as they bent over him he looked at them so pitifully.

"He's hurt," said Pam.

"Yes," said a boy leaning over the gate; "there was two big dogs fighting, an' he rushed out an' barked, an' they rolled right on top of 'im. He

just managed to crawl back again, but he looks bad."

"We'll carry him in," said Tottie sensibly.

Darkie cried out sharply when she lifted him; and Pam, sobbing with grief, ran to tell Nurse, while Tottie followed slowly, holding him as comfortably as she knew how.

"If only Mother was here," said Pam; but Mother was away, and would not be home until the seven o'clock train.

Cook, whose home was in the town, said there was a vet. there, but she had heard that he wasn't much good with dogs; he knew more about horses. People said the gamekeeper away down the road was wonderful with dogs.

"Fee-fie-foe-fum!" cried Tottie and Pam. "No, no; he'd kill him. O Nannie, do get the doctor."

So nurse looked up the telephone number and rang him up. He was at home for a few minutes, but was starting directly for a farm beyond Rabey, and would have to pass through the village. Yes, he would look in at the dog, but he was fearfully busy.

Nurse thought it best to keep Darkie quiet, so she carried his basket into the drawing-room and kept the children away. When the vet. came she left them in the nursery with Baby. She came back in a few minutes and told them that the vet. said Darkie was so badly hurt that he was afraid nothing could be done for him. He would call at the gamekeeper's as he passed, and ask him to come and fetch Darkie and put him to sleep for

good, so that he would not have any more pain.

"I'm telling you this because you are sensible little girls," said Nurse, "and you wouldn't like dear little Darkie to suffer more than we can help."

"No, no!" cried the children; and go away again, and then Nurse put them to bed, and they were still crying when Mother came home. She cried a little bit too, because Darkie *was* such a pet; but after the children had gone to sleep, she put on her hat and went out again.

* * * * *

"but oh, Nannie, couldn't *you* put him to sleep? He'll be so frightened of Fee-fie-foe-fum."

Then Nurse explained that Darkie was in such awful pain that he had tried to bite the vet., and he would bite any one who touched him, and they must not go near him again.

They heard the gamekeeper come

The children felt horrid without Darkie to play with. Even their gardens did not seem interesting, and there was one thing which worried them fearfully. They did not mention it even to Mother; but they dreaded Nurse taking them past the gamekeeper's cottage for their walk, because they were terrified that they

would see a dear little black curly tail added to those of the cats and stoats and weasels.

But Nurse never suggested that walk, and about a week later Mother said she would take them one afternoon and Nurse could take Baby. They set out joyfully, but they were not so happy when she turned down the road to the gamekeeper's.

"Come along, children," she said; and when she stopped at the very gate of Fee-fie-foe-fum's cottage they were so amazed that they forgot to look at the tails.

"I'm just going in for a minute," she said. "Come along; he won't eat you."

She went past the front door and round to the back, as if she knew the way; and when she knocked, Fee-fie-foe-fum opened the door and smiled at her.

"He's getting on fine," he said; and there, in a corner of the kitchen, was *Darkie's basket;* in it was *Darkie himself*, very thin but alive, and when the children ran to him he wagged his tail feebly and licked their hands.

But Mother only let them stroke him for a minute; and then they all went out again, and Tottie and Pam almost *cried* with happiness. They were too excited to be afraid of the gamekeeper.

"We thought he was too hurt to get well again," said Tottie, "and Nurse said he was hurting so that he would bite."

"And we thought you were bloodthirsty because of the cats' tails," said Pam; "and we called you Fee-fie-foe-fum because you're like the giant in my book."

The gamekeeper laughed till his face was redder than ever and the gap in his teeth showed ever so.

"Well," he said, "when I put that pretty little dog into the sack to carry him away, I just couldn't bear to think of him dying; but he was mighty bad, and your Ma didn't say anything till we were quite sure he was going to get better. He's got the turn now, and you can fetch him home next week. Not but what I'd like to keep him altogether, though I never thought toy dogs was in my line. He's took his medicine without a whine. Ay, he's a game little chap; and as for biting—why, dogs never bite me."

"Oh," said Tottie earnestly, "you are a kind man."

"And we'll bring him to see you lots of times," said Pam.

And they did; for Darkie always led the way to Fee-fie-foe-Fum's cottage as soon as Tottie and Pam let him out of the garden.

Motto for February.

Kind hearts are gardens,
Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are blossoms,
Kind deeds are fruits.—ANON.

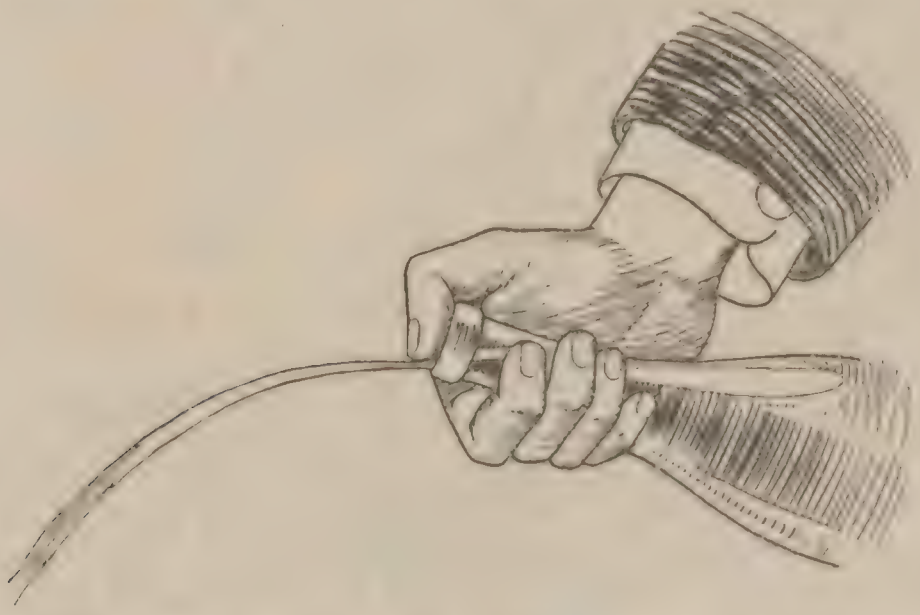
Sent in by GEORGE BROWN,
Doesgate Farm, near Bulphan,
Essex,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Golden Text for the Month.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—ST. MATTHEW xxii. 39.

The Spring of Air.

TO demonstrate the "spring of air," as Robert Boyle called it, fill a bottle half full of water, holding the neck with the right hand in such a way that the thumb can be easily, when desired, slipped over the opening of the bottle. Blow into the bottle vigorously several times, carefully and rapidly closing the opening with the thumb immediately after each blow. The air entrapped between the water and the thumb will be at a higher pressure than the air outside. Hold the bottle so that the liquid comes up into contact with the thumb. Slip the thumb back slightly so as to form a small orifice, through which the water, driven out by the increased pressure, will be squirted out to a fair distance. The scene may be made more lively by directing the stream towards a good-natured member of the company, who will cheerfully receive the scattering spray as part of the humour of the situation.



Trades carried on by Animals.

ANTS are miners, masons, and farmers. Some of them bore long underground passages; others build houses with partition walls, well-shaped arches, and pillars; and others care for their insect cows, from which they obtain a clear, sweet fluid.

The beaver is a wood-cutter and a builder. He cuts down small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it with his tail.

The mole is an engineer, and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by an engineer.

The jackal is a hunter; the hawk is an expert bird-catcher; the monkey is the best rope-dancer in the world; and caterpillars, called silk-worms, are spinners, and make all the finest silk used in the world.

The Candle and the Funnel.

AN amusing game for a children's party is to offer a prize to the youngster who will extinguish a candle flame by blowing through a funnel.

The novice naturally tries to blow straight at the flame through the funnel. But this will be ineffectual. There will be no concentration of the

blast, which will spread out, and largely escape round the edge of the funnel.

If, however, the funnel is lowered till the upper rim is brought to a little above the level of the flame, the trick will be done; blow, and the flame will be put out.

Burns and Nature.

"THERE is scarcely any object," says Burns, "gives me more—I do not know that I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me, than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or a high plantation, on a cloudy winter day and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'"

THE gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign;
And scattered and scorned as Thy people may be,
Our worship, O Father, is only for Thee.

BYRON.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Smugglers' Island and the Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER II.

FOR SHELTER IN A STORM.

DELBERT stared with wide eyes for a moment; then he snatched the note from Marian's hand to read for himself. He was not much accustomed to reading writing, but this was very plainly written with a purple indelible pencil on a leaf torn from a pocket memorandum-book.

"*Miss Marian,—*

"*Boss Cunningham has done me plenty of dirt, and now he is going to regret it just one gasolene launch. Sorry to inconvenience a lady and all that, but the kids want to stay overnight anyway.*"

Delbert looked up again into his sister's face; then, dropping the note, he sped across the sand and up the hillside to where he could get a good view of the Gulf beyond the bay.

Marian picked up the note, and still stood looking at it.

"How we get home?" inquired Esther.

That was precisely the question that was racing round in Marian's brain.

"I don't know—yet," she said.

Slowly she took off the blanket that was thrown over the things. The other blanket was there, too, and all of their things; also the five-gallon demijohn of filtered water and a tin box of crackers, nearly full, three cans of corn, and a quart can of tomatoes. She remembered Mr. Cunningham had said there were some eatables in the locker.

"W-won't Mr. Pearson come back?" faltered Jennie.

"I am afraid not," answered Marian.

"But—but what shall we do?"

"Well, my dear," said the big sister, "we can't walk back and we can't swim back, so I guess we shall just have to Robinson Crusoe it here till some one comes after us. When they find we don't come home, they will hunt for us, of course. See here," she added briskly, pulling out the big pail Mr. Cunningham had lent them for clams, "you children take this pail and get some crabs. I will build a fire, and we will have dinner right away before anything else awful happens to us."

The children, reassured by her tone and smile, took the pail and trotted off down the beach.

Marian gathered some sticks and built a fire in the shade of a big rock. She had it well started when Delbert came back to her.

"I can see something black away out in the Gulf; probably it is him," he said.

"Probably," she answered.

"I don't see why he did it!" finally burst forth Delbert.

"Well," said Marian quietly, "he evidently was a different kind of man from what we supposed."

"But, Marian, no one knows where

we are. They wouldn't know where to look for us if they were hunting for us."

"Did you not tell Mr. Cunningham where we were going?"

Delbert thought a moment. "No; I just asked could we have the launch for all day."

"And you didn't tell Bobbie or any of the other children?"

"No; I didn't see any of them last night, and not to talk to this morning. But Bobbie's mother knew we were going; she brought out the cape to you."

"Yes, but she didn't know where. I never thought to mention it to any one. When you came back with Jennie's cape, you told Mr. Faston we were going to Smugglers' Island; but unless some of them remember hearing Clarence tell of it, they won't know where Smugglers' Island is."

Delbert shook his head. "Clarence didn't tell about it to any one but his folks and us. We had it for a secret. Why, Marian, they won't know at all where to look for us!"

"No," replied Marian steadily; "it was an awfully mean trick for Mr. Pearson to serve us, even without counting the stealing of the launch; but you see, Delbert, Mr. Pearson supposes every one knows where Smugglers' Island is. We talked about my never having been here before, but not a word but what other people knew. He supposes, of course, everybody knows, and that when we do not come home to-night they will come straight here in the morning."

"But they won't," said the boy. "When we don't come home they will think we are camping over. They won't know till Mr. Cunningham gets back that we were coming home to-night, and he is not coming back for two days."

"Oh, they will all know I wouldn't have taken you children out camping with only Mr. Pearson along: besides, Bobbie's mother knows we didn't take any bedding along; and even if she didn't, she would know that if we had intended to be gone overnight you would have asked Bobbie to take care of the chickens."

"Marian," he burst forth presently, "Marian, what do you think?"

"Delbert," she answered, pausing in her work and looking up at him, "the biggest thing in my mind just now is that bunch of bananas we saw over on the other side."

Delbert's eyes roved over the provisions before him. "How long will this last us?" he inquired.

"Well, I planned it for perhaps two meals for six people; as it happens, there are only five to eat it, and we have Mr. Cunningham's eatables as well, you remember." She gave a little laugh. "You remember he said we were welcome to them if we didn't have enough of ours."

"Huh! I should think so. You bet Mr. Cunningham would never do a dirty trick like that. We—we can starve here for all Pearson knows or cares."

Marian put down the kettle and went to her brother, with his flushed face and flashing eyes winking back the tears. She drew the slender little

form into her arms close and tipped up the handsome, quivering little face.

"Delbert boy, darling," she said softly, "we are not going to starve. The children might if you and I were not here, but we are here; there are clams and crabs for the gathering, and I know a boy who with his jack-knife can make a trap that will catch quail, and I once knew him to kill a rabbit with a bow and arrow."

The boy laughed chokily and, twining his arms about his sister's waist, held her closely while she stroked his hair.

"No, darling," she said presently, "we will not worry. You and I can do a lot of things; you will see. Now, here come the girls with the crabs. We mustn't let them be frightened."

Delbert straightened up. "How many did you get?" he called, and Marian smiled at the easy cheerfulness of his tone.

"Oh, you will do," she said approvingly; "you will do."

While she cooked and prepared the crabs, she sent the children off after clams. Under Clarence's tuition Delbert had become quite an expert at finding clams, and fortunately they were plentiful. Marian, poor child, wondered how long one could live on an exclusive diet of crabs and clams before getting utterly sick and tired of them.

She decided to put everybody on a rather short allowance of bread, so as to make it last longer, and explained it to them when she called them up to eat. They did not mind; they preferred crabs anyway.

"Don't people on desert islands build signal fires?" asked Delbert.

"Yes, and put out flags of distress, too. We couldn't keep a fire going *all* night, but we could put up one of the towels or the tablecloth daytimes, and we can build our fire nights where it can be seen out at sea. And I think about the first thing we'd better do is to get up a wood pile."

That was an easy task. There was much driftwood along the beach, besides the sticks that could be gathered from the hillside; and the children enjoyed gathering it up, and Marian would have also if she had not been inwardly so perplexed and worried.

To add to her worries, the sky turned cloudy and the wind rose. Suppose it were to storm, and she with not even a tent to shelter these little ones!

"Delbert," she asked finally, "isn't there a cave on this Island?"

"Sure," he answered; "right down here away. Let's go see."

Marian's hopes rose, only to fall again when she viewed the cave. It stood barely above high tide, a dark hole, foul and ill-smelling from the myriads of bats that lived in it.

"Dear me!" she said, "we can't sleep in this, Delbert. Besides, if a storm should come up, the water would wash right in."

"It goes back a long way," said Delbert. "Clarence and I went in with a torch, but the farther you go the smellier it gets. Phew! No, I should say we couldn't sleep in it. If it's a cave to sleep in that you want, I guess we shall have to hunt one up."

So they climbed back up the hill and

began an investigation of the big masses of rock which at that end of the Island looked as if some giant hand had tossed them up and they had since lain in the same wild confusion in which they fell.

Finally Delbert called to her from a point farther up than she had yet gone.

"O Marian, here is a sort of a crack; maybe it would do."

She scrambled over the intervening rocks and surveyed the "crack," and though it was far from being what she wanted, she saw at once that it was the best place they had yet found.

It might, perhaps, have been called a miniature cave. It was not high enough to stand up in, but extended back some ten or twelve feet, growing smaller and smaller, till at its extreme end it was not more than a foot in height. Its width was about the same as its depth. A few feet away from the opening rose another rock, a smooth-faced, gigantic mass that would keep the worst of the wind and rain away from the mouth of the cave, or crack, as Delbert called it.

"I believe it is the best we can do," she said. "We could at least keep dry and warm in there. All the other places would be good only in good weather. We'll get some sticks and poke around and see if there are any snakes or anything."

Delbert promptly followed the suggestion. He crept in and punched and poked most industriously and raked and scraped with energy, but could start nothing, and he declared there did not seem to be any cracks leading any farther back.

"That's all right, then," said Marian. "Now we'd better go down to the bananas and get a lot of dried banana leaves to help out our bed."

This they did, gathering an enormous bundle and tying it with the lariat rope. Then Marian slung it over her shoulder, and so with a very little assistance conveyed it to the Cave.

By this time it was getting late in the afternoon. The sun had disappeared completely from the gray sky, and the wind had risen so that there was no doubt at all about the approach of a storm.

"We must bring everything up," decided Marian. "Everything must come under shelter here right away."

The little feet got tired of going up and down the rocky hillside, but Marian and Delbert persevered till everything, even the wood they had gathered, was safe at the Cave. Then Marian arranged things as best she could for the night. She packed their belongings so that they would be some shelter for the bed of banana leaves, and blessed Bobbie's mother for the big cape, which, with Jennie's pinned to it, would serve as a third blanket. Then she built a fire back of the big rock that sheltered the mouth of their cave bedroom, and cooked the clams for their supper.

After supper Marian carefully packed a solid chunk of wood in a bed of coals, covered these with ashes and dirt, and piled little rocks over them to protect them from the rain that she felt sure would come in abundantly before morning. She kept a fire going for

light, as they had no lamp or lantern of any description.

The children were tired, and willing to go to bed after they had eaten, and Marian herself was fully ready to lie down after she had got them all packed away. She slept, too, for a while; but when the storm came it wakened her, and there was no more sleep for her all that long, long night.

The roar of the sea was terrific; the big waves were sweeping in from the sea and breaking on the beach with thundering crashes. The flashes of the lightning were intense, and the thunder seemed to Marian to shake the very earth. She shivered and shrank closer to the children. Davie was next to her. He seemed to be warm and comfortable, and he slept peacefully in all that pandemonium. The others woke, and Marian anxiously inquired if they were all warm. Delbert said his feet were cold, but aside from that all were fairly comfortable. Crowded in together as they were, they kept one another warm.

Some time along toward morning the thunder and lightning ceased, and though the rain still came down in a steady pour, the wind still blew, and the waves still thundered on the beach, one by one the children dropped off to sleep. Marian did not. She lay there in a cramped, uncomfortable position, for to change it meant to get out from under the covering and expose the children to more of the cold wind.

Marian's carefully banked fire was utterly drenched and washed away, and she had to light a new one with a precious match. She built it under shelter of the Cave, and then the smoke nearly drove them out into the storm.

There was some of the clam soup left from supper, and, reinforcing it with one of Mr. Cunningham's cans of corn, she was able to fill them all up with a hot breakfast.

Marian smoothed up their bed and packed the food back into the basket, and then racked her brain for methods of amusement. They played a few simple little games that could be played while sitting still, and really, all things considered, got on marvellously well.

The second night was only less miserable than the first. There was no storm to frighten them, and they slept more; but they were colder and more uncomfortable when they were awake, which was really a good deal of the time, after all. By morning the wind had died down, and the sun was struggling to break through the remaining clouds.

When Bobbie went to feed his chickens on the evening of the day the launch party went out, his little round, freckled face wore an unusually sober expression. The way of the transgressor is hard certainly.

He heaved a sigh and flung out the last kernels, and then, as many of Delbert's chickens were hungrily helping themselves and the launch was not yet in sight, he went over to the Hadley yard, climbed through the shed window, and measured out the amount of corn he knew Delbert always fed his flock.

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 40. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than **February 16.**

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for February.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay on *The Journey of a Postage Stamp*. (Not to exceed 250 words.)

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S PUZZLE.

"Here is an elementary lesson in surveying," remarked the teacher. "The diagram represents a piece of ground in the form of a Greek cross.

The piece of land is composed of five squares, and the number of square yards in the area is the same as the number of feet round it. How long is the fence enclosing it?"

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write in your own words a story of the life of Peter. (Not to exceed 250 words.)

For Children under Twelve only.

LETTER COMPETITION (A).

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your favourite book.

QUEER VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

1. What ordinary vegetable contains the vessel in which it is cooked?
2. What plant is one half flowing liquid?
3. In what vegetable is an insect always found?
4. Scoop out the middle of a fruit and you will have a vegetable.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a few scillas, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell from memory the story of Joseph.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION (B).

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her what games you like to play in the springtime.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a few snowdrops, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for December.

ORIGINAL POEM COMPETITION.

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. Dorothy Knowles, 71 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds. 3. Eileen Brann, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim.

Honourable Mention.—Barbara Newman, "Capron House," Midhurst, Sussex; Edith Lewis, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Doris Seymour, Manchester House, Lane End, High Wycombe; Edith Kidd, 9 Anwoth Villas, Corstorphine; Diana Liddle, 64 Bankhall Street, Glasgow.

PECULIAR PLANTS COMPETITION.

1. Iris Fenton, 37 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh. 2. Freda Lethbridge, Church Girls' School, Totnes. 3. Clifford Bell, 7 Morton Street, Leith.

Honourable Mention.—David Muir, 13 Hamilton Road, Cambuslang; Minnie Clay, Kember-

ton School, Shifnal, Salop; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bealey, Kent; Nita Sherriff, Church Girls' School, Totnes.

The correct answers were: Rose=Roe; Violet=Viol; Rosemary=Rose and Mary; Pansy=Pan.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION.

1. Hugh Ross, 105 Causewayside, Edinburgh. 2. Ena Telfer, 1 Belgrave Terrace, Corstorphine. 3. H. Mantell, Wooburn Council School, Bucks; and Robert Westwater, The Square, Kirkliston.

Honourable Mention.—Elizabeth Sayer and Ivy Fleming, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt Bay; Marjorie Phillips, Trevail Farm, Cubert, near Grampound Road, Cornwall; Helen Kilpatrick, 169 Bewick Road, Gateshead; Arthur Kay, 23 South Street, Greenock; Reggie Wooster, Wooburn Council School, Bucks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Nellie Turner, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchincairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. 3. Monica Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Olive Newton and Flora Fergusson, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, Essex; Llewellyn Leaman, 5 Western Terrace, Totnes.

CHRISTMAS GAME COMPETITION.

1. Theresa Bower, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Elsie Horne, Ivinghoe Aston, Herts. 3. Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—James Calvert, Ivy Bank, Haddington; John Cree, Poleglass, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim; Hessie Dunlop, Ballyness, Bushmills; Dorothy Parker, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; John Dunn and Ethel Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

CONUNDRUM COMPETITION.

1. Wilfrid Fenton, 37 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Tierney, 10 Lyle Street, Greenock; Margaret Black, Beechwood, Sandyhills, Shettleston.

The correct solution is: Why are the contents of the "Children's Paper" like the Chevalier Bayard?

ANSWER.—*Because they are "sans peur et sans reproche."*

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION (B).

1. Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa. 2. Audrey Dunn, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 3. Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt Bay.

Honourable Mention.—Jessie Barbour, 27 Nursery Avenue, Coleraine; Leslie Silvester, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Joe Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Ella Macgregor, 76 Park Drive N., Victoria Park, Glasgow; Herbert Haigh, 60 Savile Park Street, Halifax; Margaret Trembath, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Jeanie Stark, 63 Slateford Road, Edinburgh; Jessie Shaw, 35 Canaan Lane, Edinburgh.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Stanley Wilson, 2 Carlisle Terrace, Omagh, Co. Tyrone. 2. Beryl Biggerstaff, Brent Pelham, Buntingford, Herts. 3. Weir Stewart, 21 Brodie Street, Bainsford, Falkirk.

Honourable Mention.—William Wightman, 118 High Street, Auchterarder; Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Evelyn Edwards and Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Vera Sirett, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Maisie Street, 14 Spottiswoode Road, Edinburgh.

CHRISTMAS LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Emily Rose, Castlemere School, Rochdale. 2. Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow. 3. David Kennedy, Altonburn Farm, Tarbolton.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda Hooton, The Old Farm, Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Phyllis Browne and Edward Wood, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Jeanie Howie, Milton Farm, Kilbirnie; Joyce Thompson, Clodagh Eachway, Rednal, Birmingham; John Roberts, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION (C).

1. Zoe Stericker, Mayles, Cobham; 2. Peter Anderson, Dalry School, Edinburgh. 3. Winnie Sexey, Mount School, Kersal, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—George Doughty, Dalry School, Edinburgh; Elsie Cole, Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth; Harold Seymour, Manchester House, Lane End, High Wycombe; Mary Ramsay, Milmoor, Market Road, Carluke; Elspeth —— and Molly Forsyth, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Maggie Parkhill, Waverley Terrace, Coleraine. 2. Nettie Henderson, Featherhall, St. John's Road, Corstorphine. 3. Leslie Thomson, 17 Bolton Drive, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Norman Brown, "Brongreye," Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast; William Watson, 96 Castle Street, Inverness; Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa; Ivy Tipton, Bicton Villa Cottage, near Shrewsbury; Ruth Danziger, 10 Wellington Street East, Higher Broughton, Manchester; James Allison, 68 Neilston Road, Paisley; Robert Law, 27 Beechgrove Avenue, Aberdeen; Walter Haining, 17 Nelson Street, Greenock; Robert Peattie, 47 Kirkgate, Cupar-Fife.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. February.

Name..... *Age last Birthday*.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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